JAKOB LOTTA

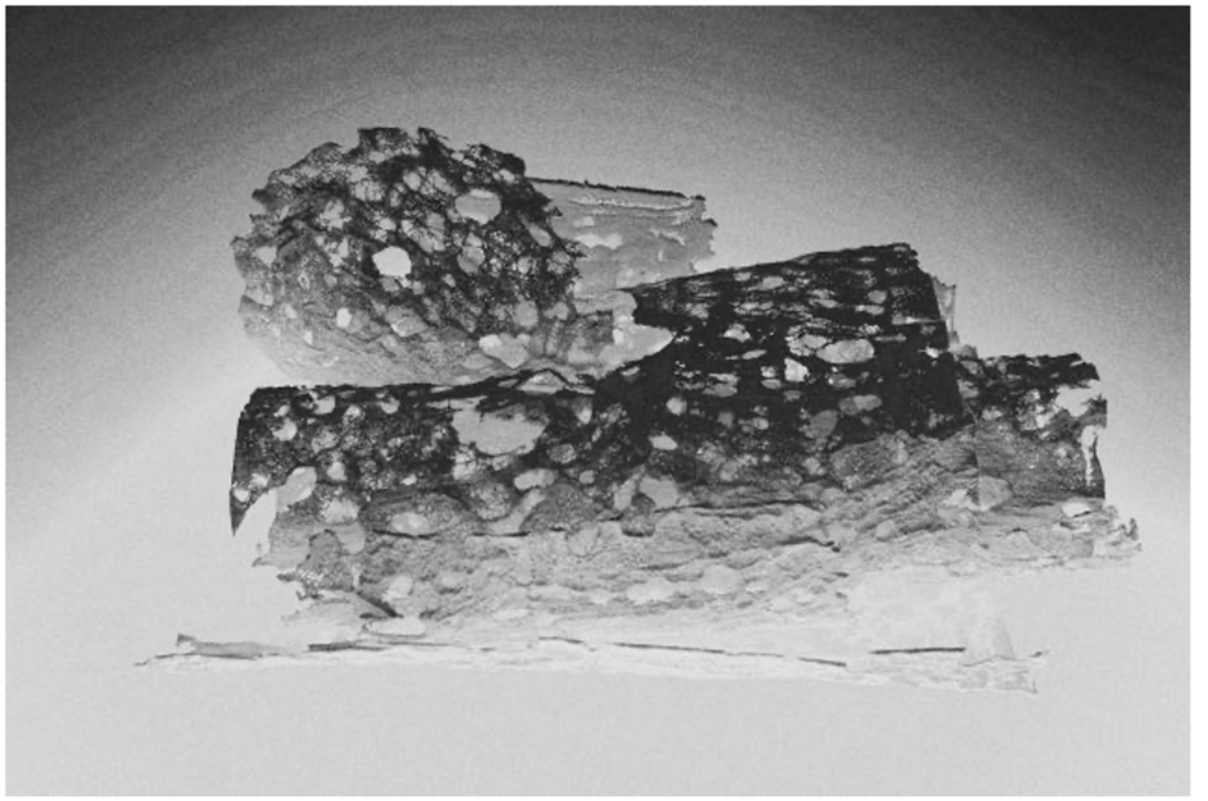
early work

Informed by studies in Traditional Textile Techniques and the Bauhaus-influenced fundamentals of Eastern European art education at the School of Applied Arts of Josef Vydra, Lotta's work evolved into sculptural object art, exploring selfhood within socio-political and spiritual contexts.

LOVE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH RELIGION

Mixed media sculpture, 2017

(SELECTED FOR “Slovak Textile Artists Association TxT 2017 / exhibition Nearby - Faraway /19th International mini textile exhibition”)



HOLES

Structural Studies, STYROFOAM, 2017

Mixed media sculpture, FELTED RAW COTTON ON STYROFOAM, 2017

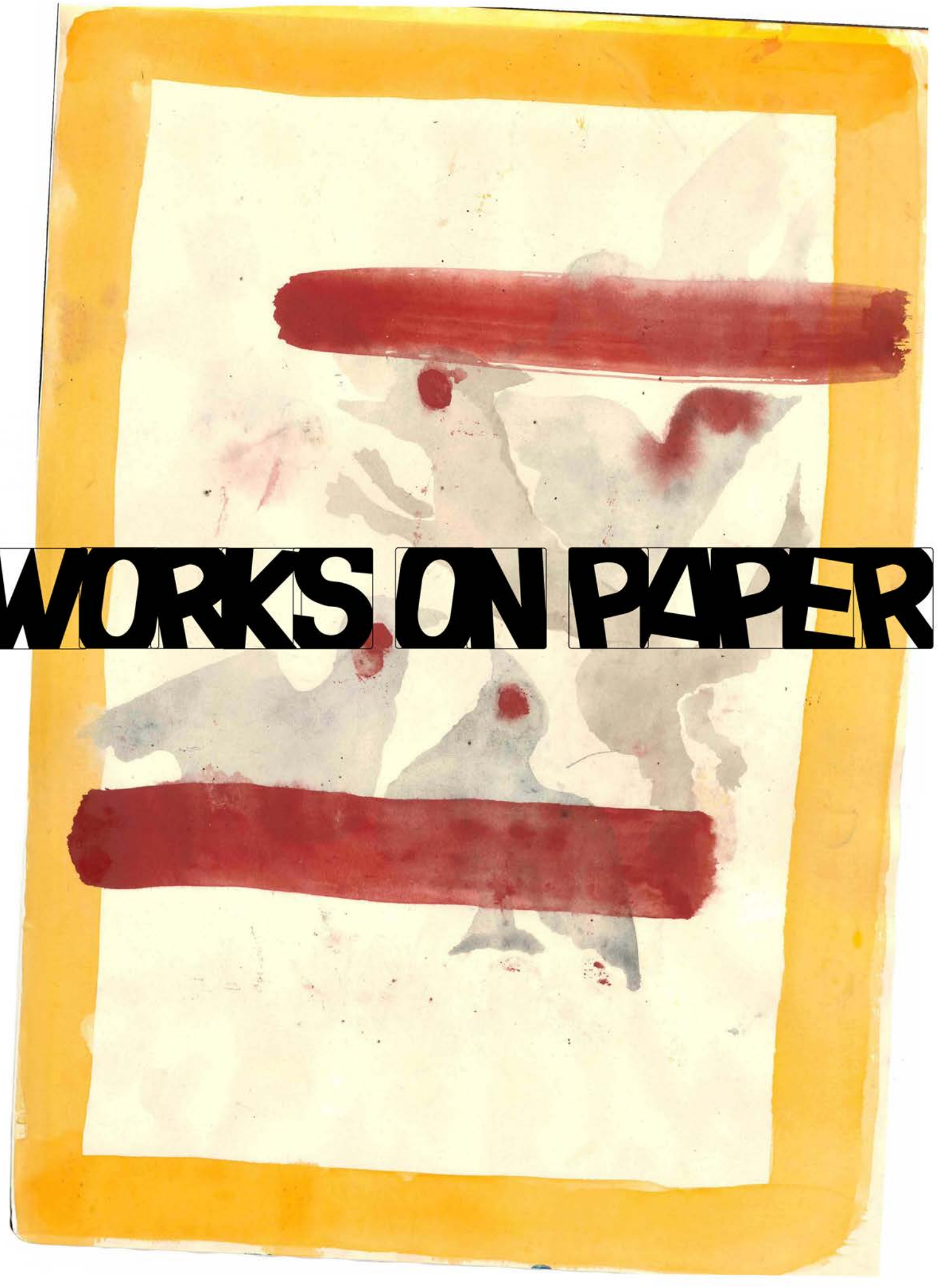
PHOTOGRAPHED BY EVELYN BENCICOVA

HOWOOLCAUST

DESTINATION 100

2018, Archival research conducted with the aid of Iniciatíva Inakost-mapping the rights of gay people in the 100 years of Czechoslovakia through series of mixed media emroidery triptych and series of small scale images.

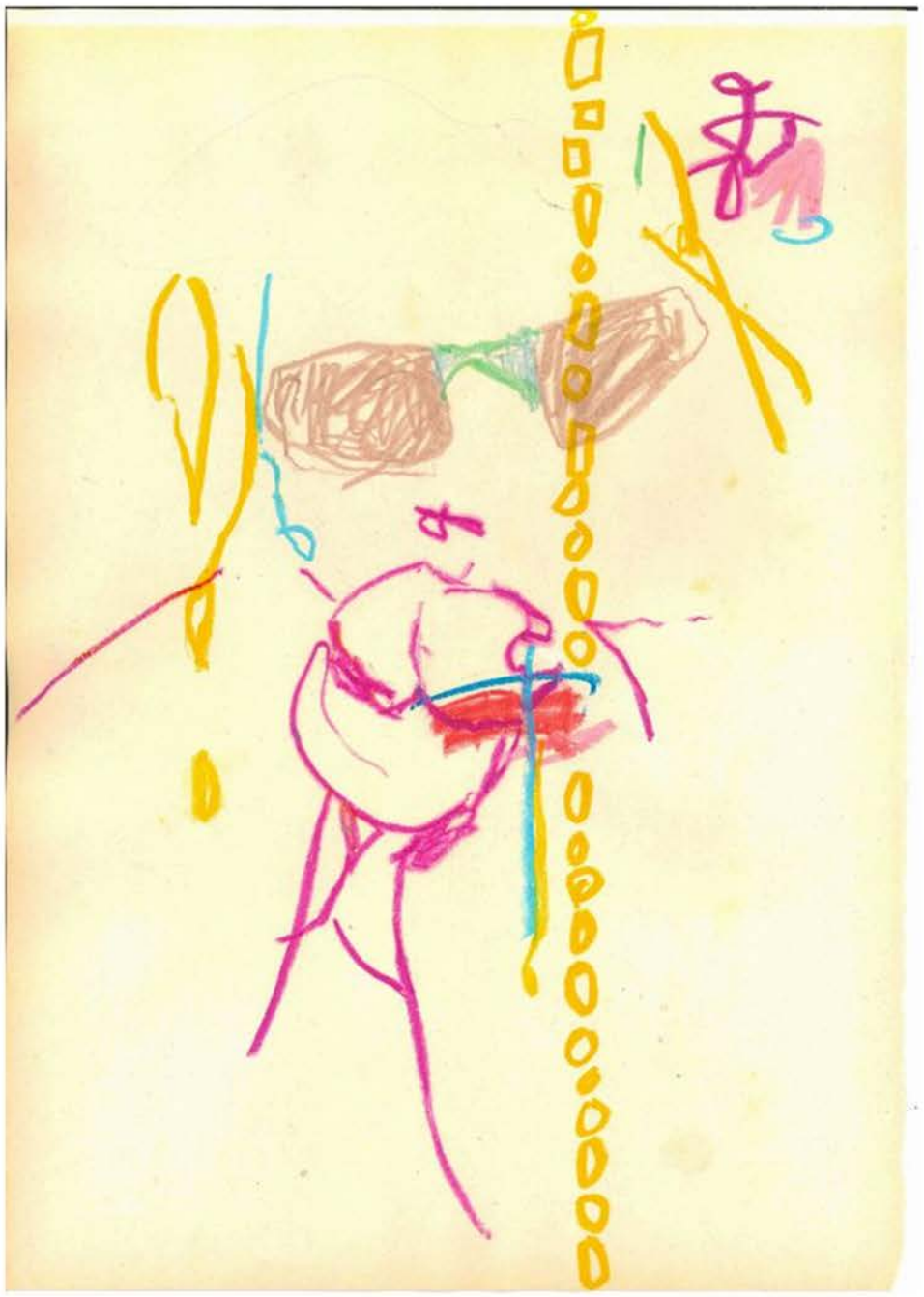
Here should be a
of a HAPPY
GEELING
but it's



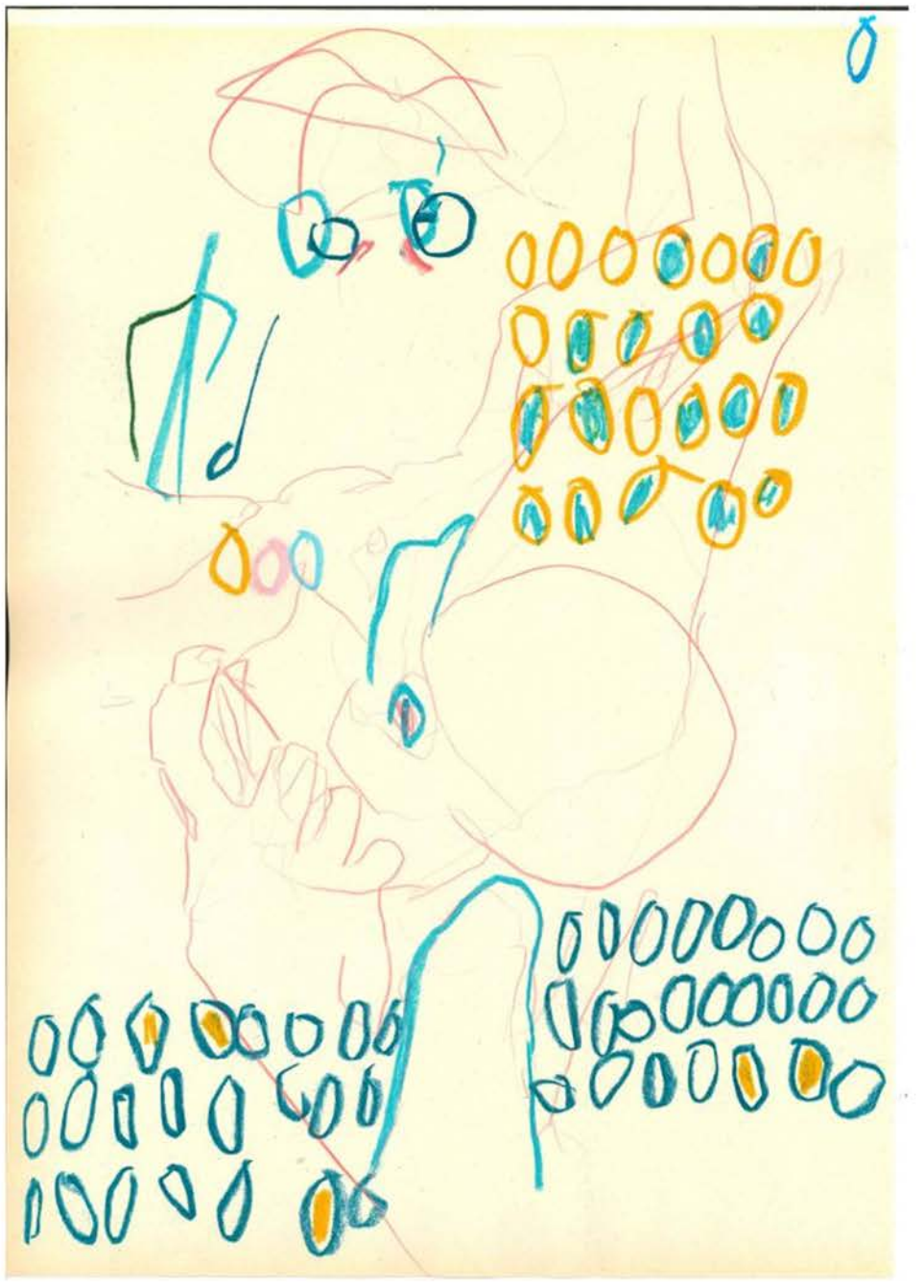
WORKS ON PAPER

POSTSCHEMATIXXX-MOTIF OF MOTHER, 2021, Pastels on aged paper, 297 mm x 420 mm

POSTSCHEMATIXXX-AT THE STAKE, 2021, Pastels on aged paper, 297 mm x 420 mm



POSTSCHEMATIXXX-ON THE MOUTH, 2021, Pastels on aged paper, 297 mm x 420 mm



POSTSCHEMATIXXX-LUBE, 2021, Pastels on aged paper, 297 mm x 420 mm

"Bags of Sand" from "Dear Mom, On Monday, I stepped on a Bee."
2023,aquarelle, ink and color pencils on paper,210 x 297 mm

"Night Routine" from "Dear Mom, On Monday, I stepped on a Bee."
2023,aquarelle, ink and color pencils on paper,210 x 297 mm

"Fruit in Heat" from "Dear Mom, On Monday, I stepped on a Bee."
2023,aquarelle, ink and color pencils on paper,210 x 297 mm

"For Mom" from "Dear Mom, On Monday, I stepped on a Bee."
2023,aquarelle, ink and color pencils on paper,210 x 297 mm

"Fruit in Heat" from "Dear Mom, On Monday, I stepped on a Bee."
2023,aquarelle, ink and color pencils on paper,210 x 297 mm

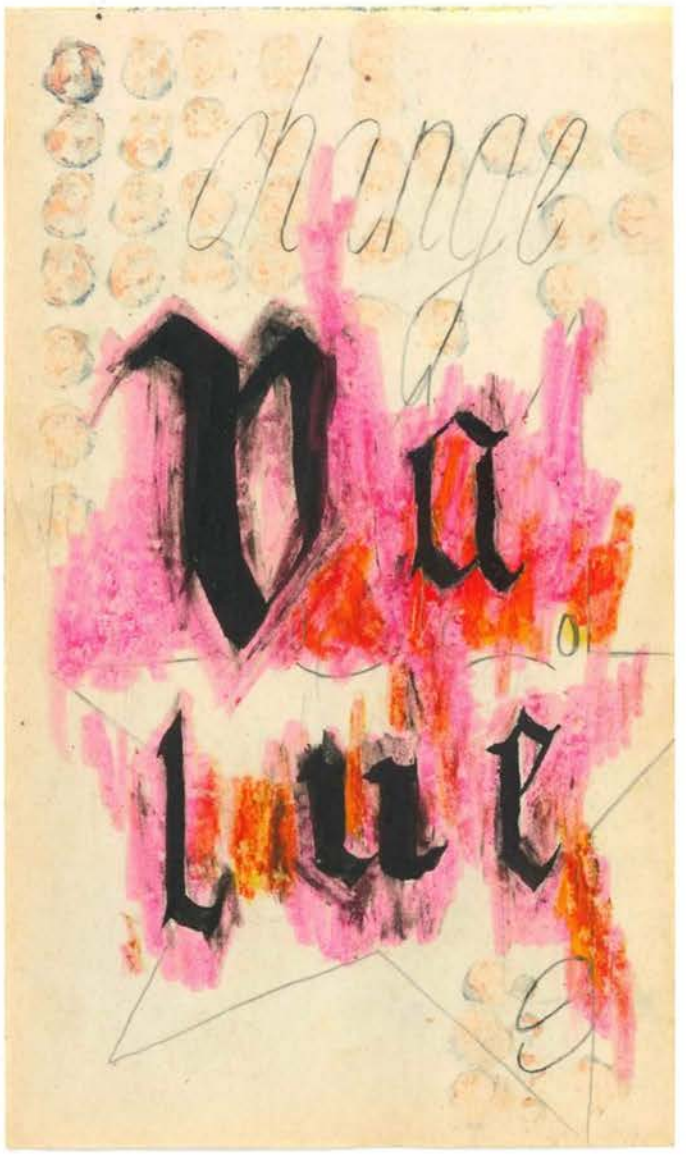
"For all sides" from "Dear Mom, On Monday, I stepped on a Bee."
2023,aquarelle, ink and color pencils on paper,210 x 297 mm

Right after it started and no one knew what it was, yet.""
2023,aquarelle paper, 297 mm x 420 mm

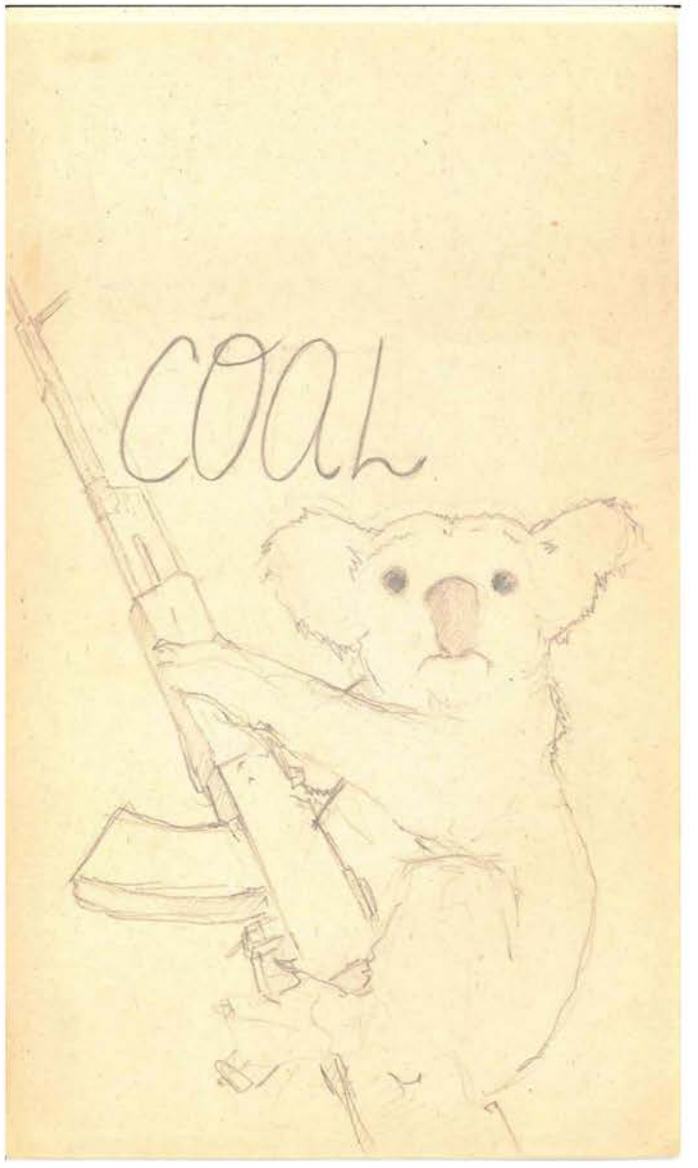
"Dove Motif 3"
2023,aquarelle paper, 297 mm x 420 mm

"The Cow"
2023,aquarelle paper, 297 mm x 420 mm

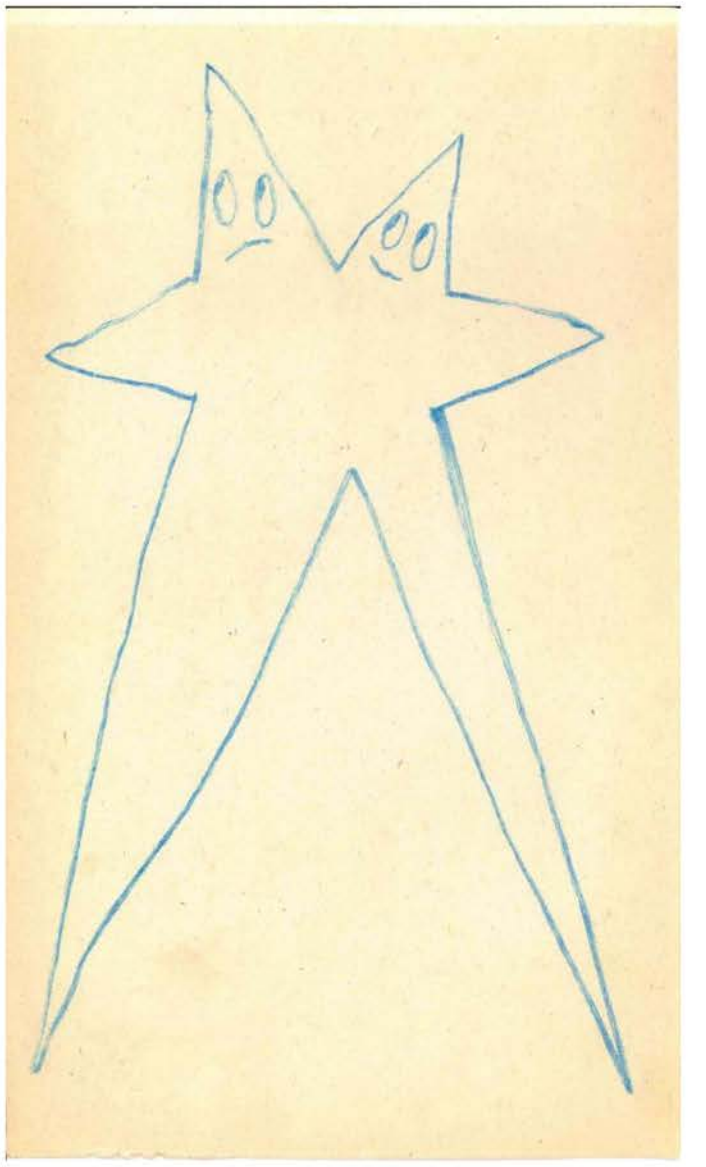
"Thousand Times Why"
2023,aquarelle paper, 297 mm x 420 mm



"Change Values"
2023,ink, wax, graphite, oil on paper, 120 mm x 200mm

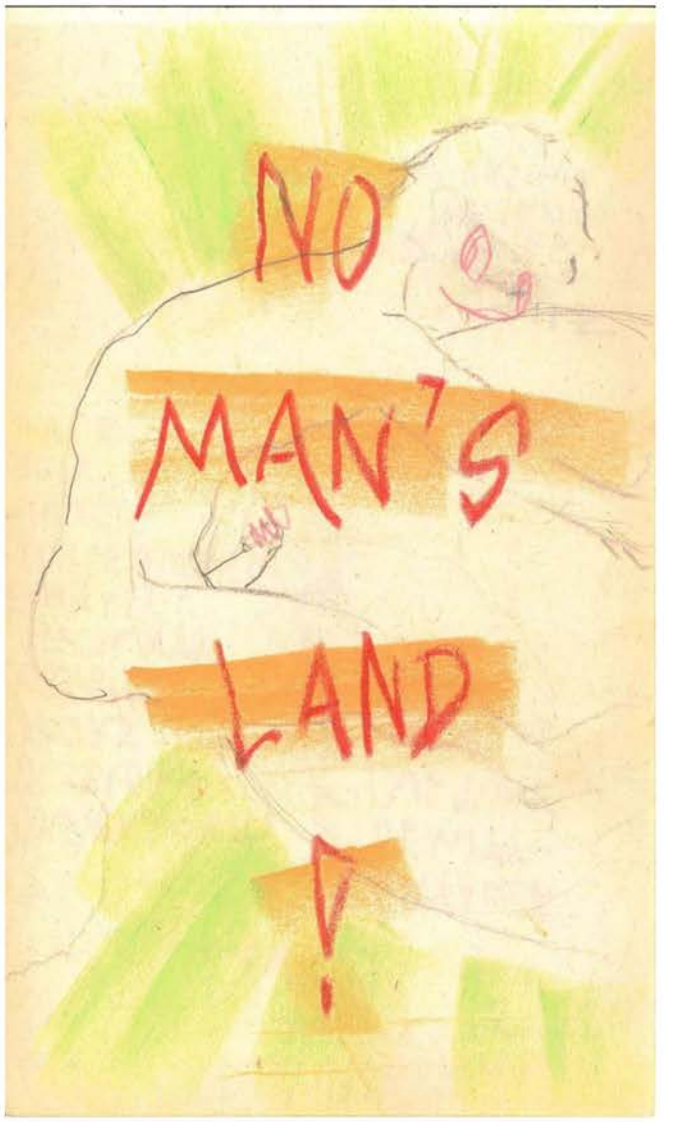


"Coal"
2023,graphite, on paper, 120 mm x 200mm

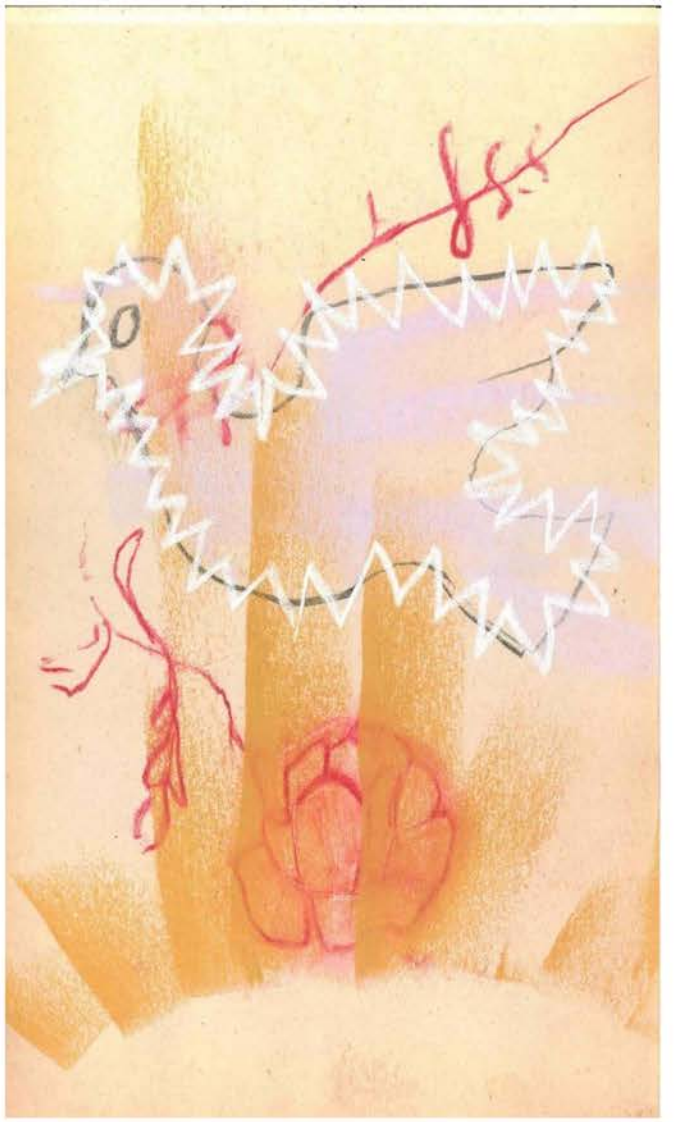


"Unnamed"
2023, wax, on paper, 120 mm x 200mm

"Erotic Dove Motif"
2023, graphite, pastel on paper, 120 mm x 200mm

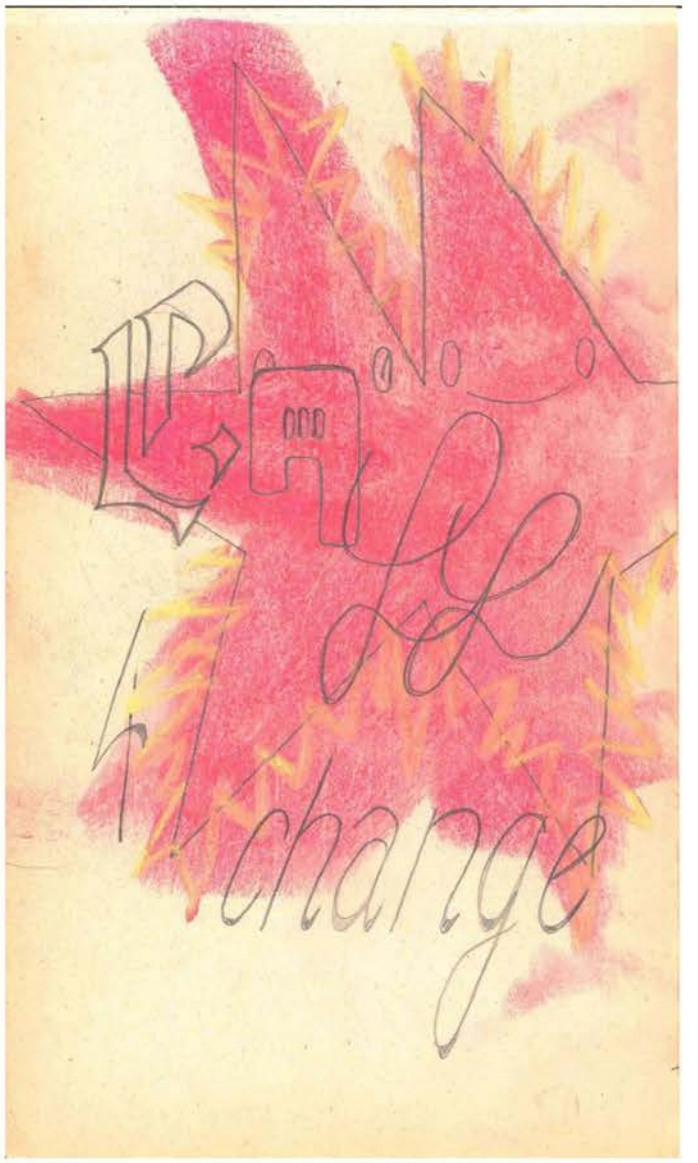


"No Man's Land"
2023,graphite,pastel, oil on paper, 120 mm x 200mm



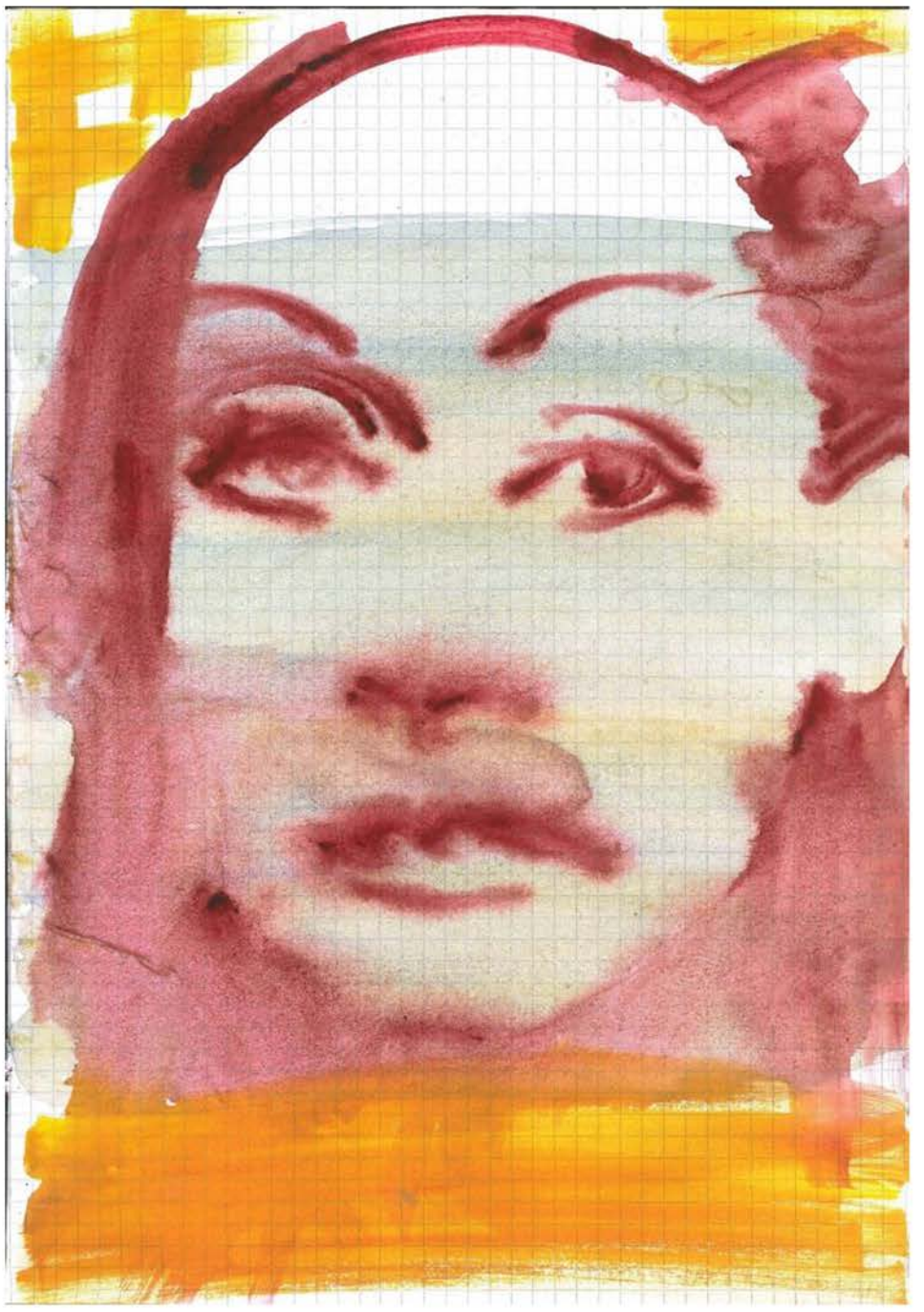
"East Dove"
2023, graphite, pastel,oil on paper, 120 mm x 200mm

"Climbing the Tree"
2023, graphite, pastel on paper, 120 mm x 200mm



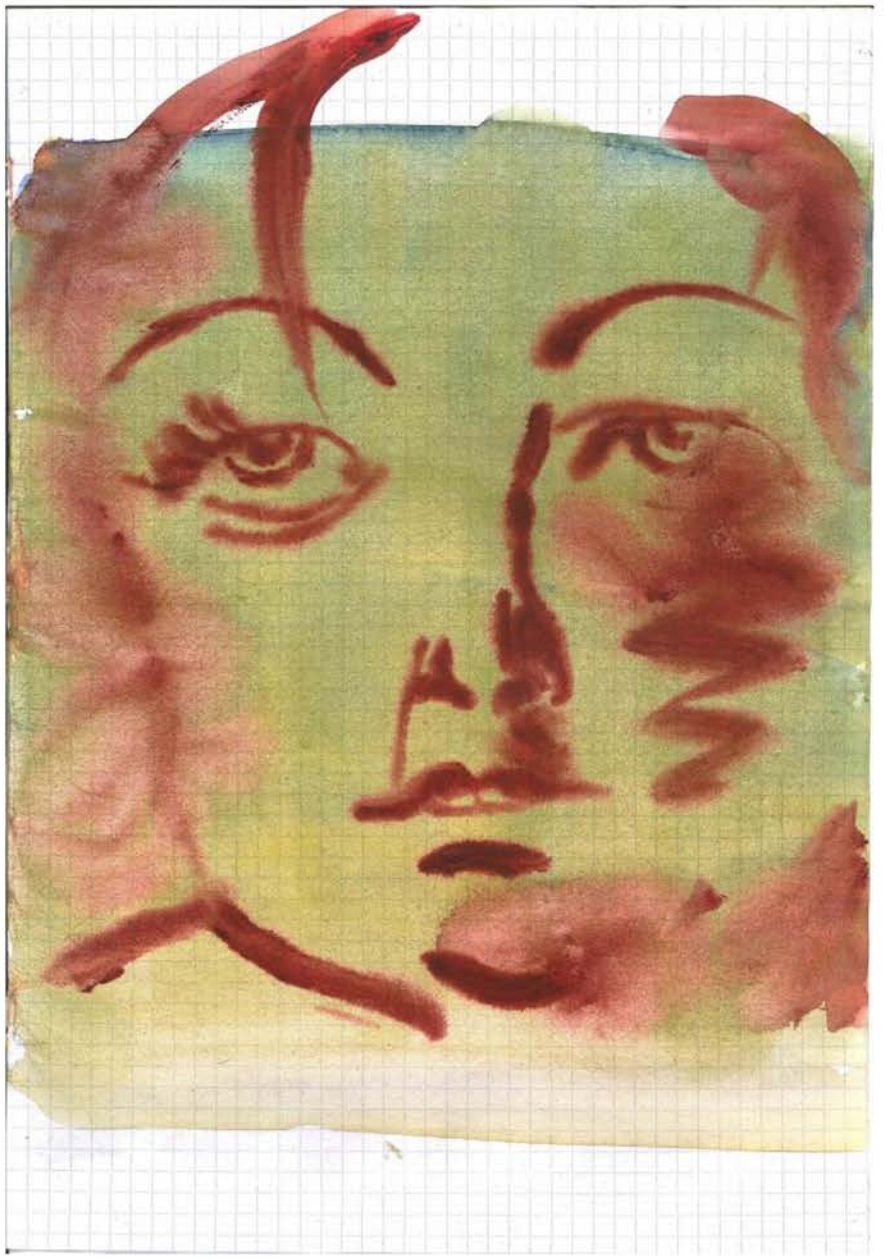
"Call for Change"
2023,graphite,pastel on paper, 120 mm x 200mm

"Me"
2023, graphite, marker, pastel,oil on paper, 120 mm x 200mm

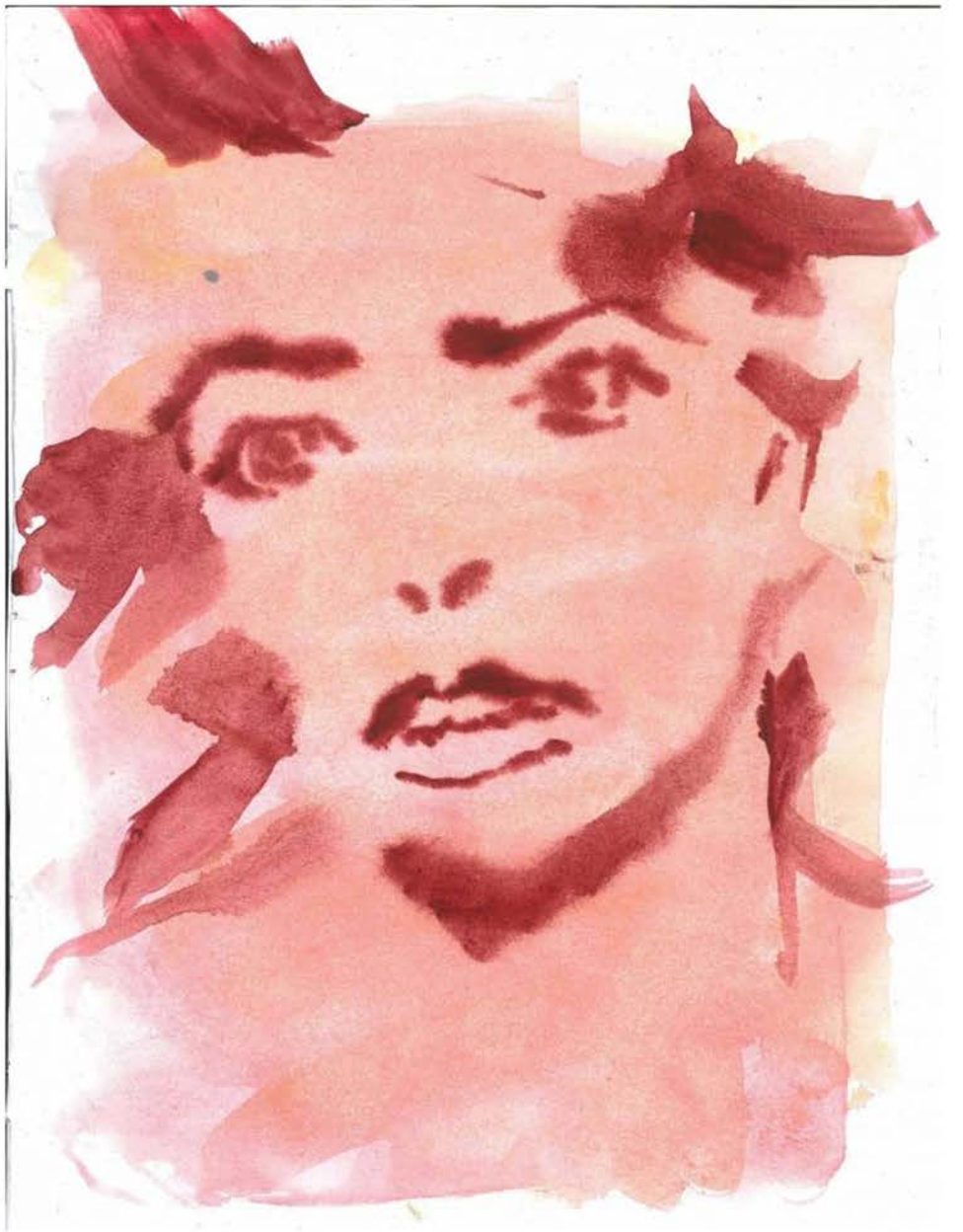


"Yesterday of '99"
2024, aquarelle on paper, 210 mm x 297mm

"Rapeseed in July"
2024, aquarelle on paper, 210 mm x 297mm



"Unwashed dishes in the New Family"
2024, aquarelle on paper, 210 mm x 297mm



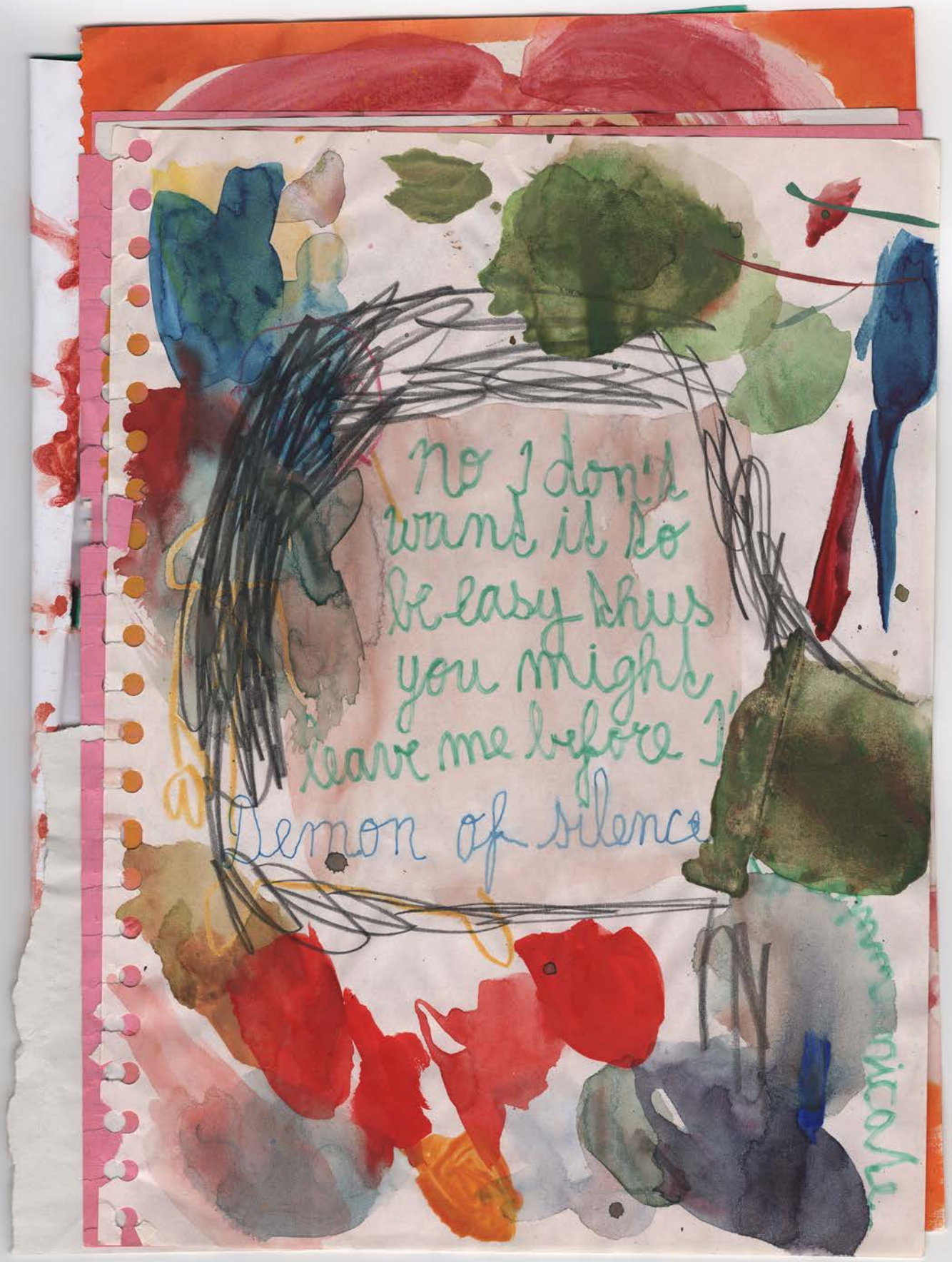
"Paul en Pauline"
2024, aquarelle on paper, 210 mm x 297mm

Lotta Zine : Beginner's guide, 2022

Lotta Zine : Beginner's guide II, 2022

Lotta Zine : Beginner's guide III, 2022

Untitled I (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023



Untitled I (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023

Untitled I (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023

Untitled I (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023

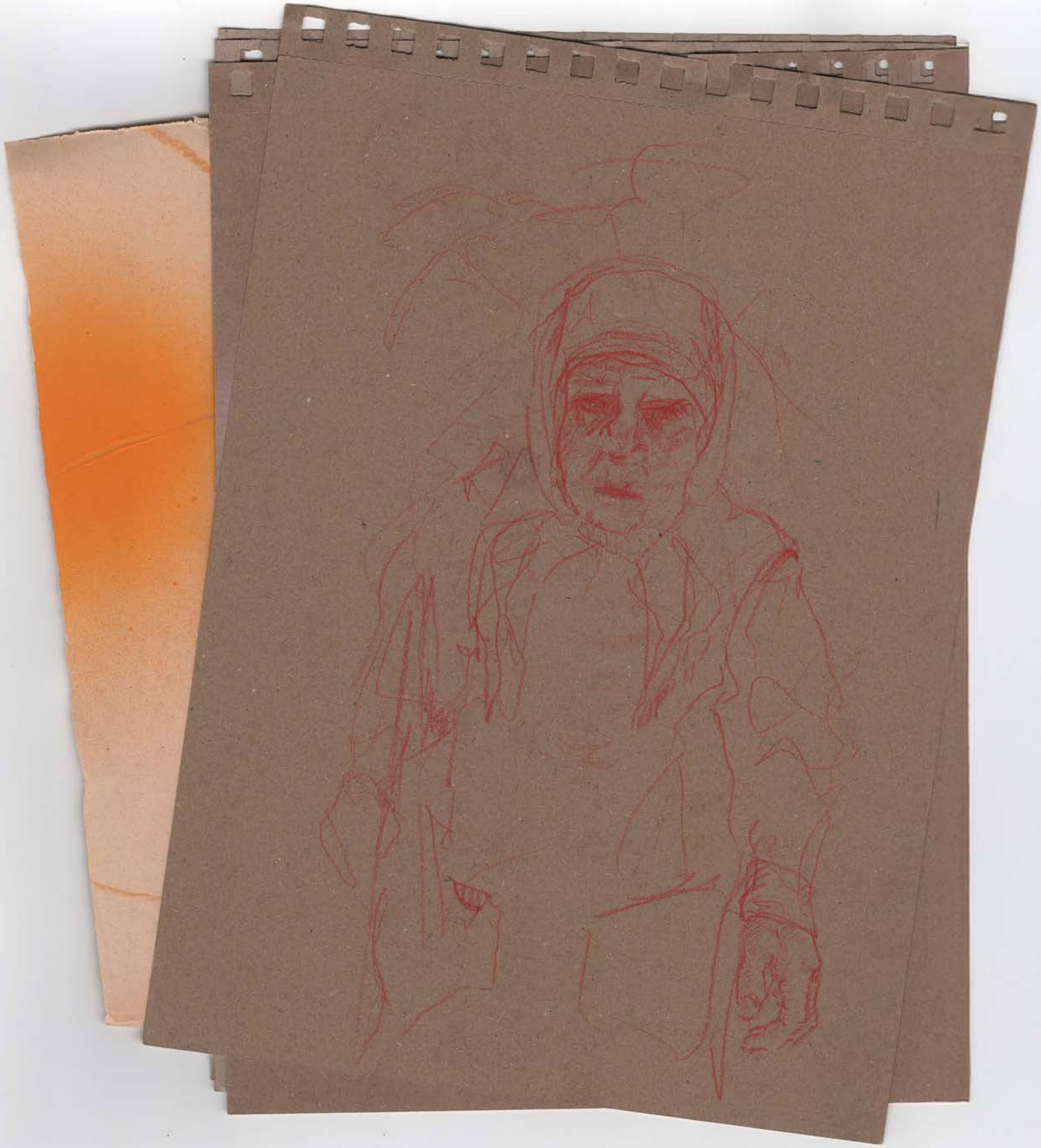
Untitled II (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023

Untitled II (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023

Untitled II (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023

Untitled II (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023

Untitled III (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023



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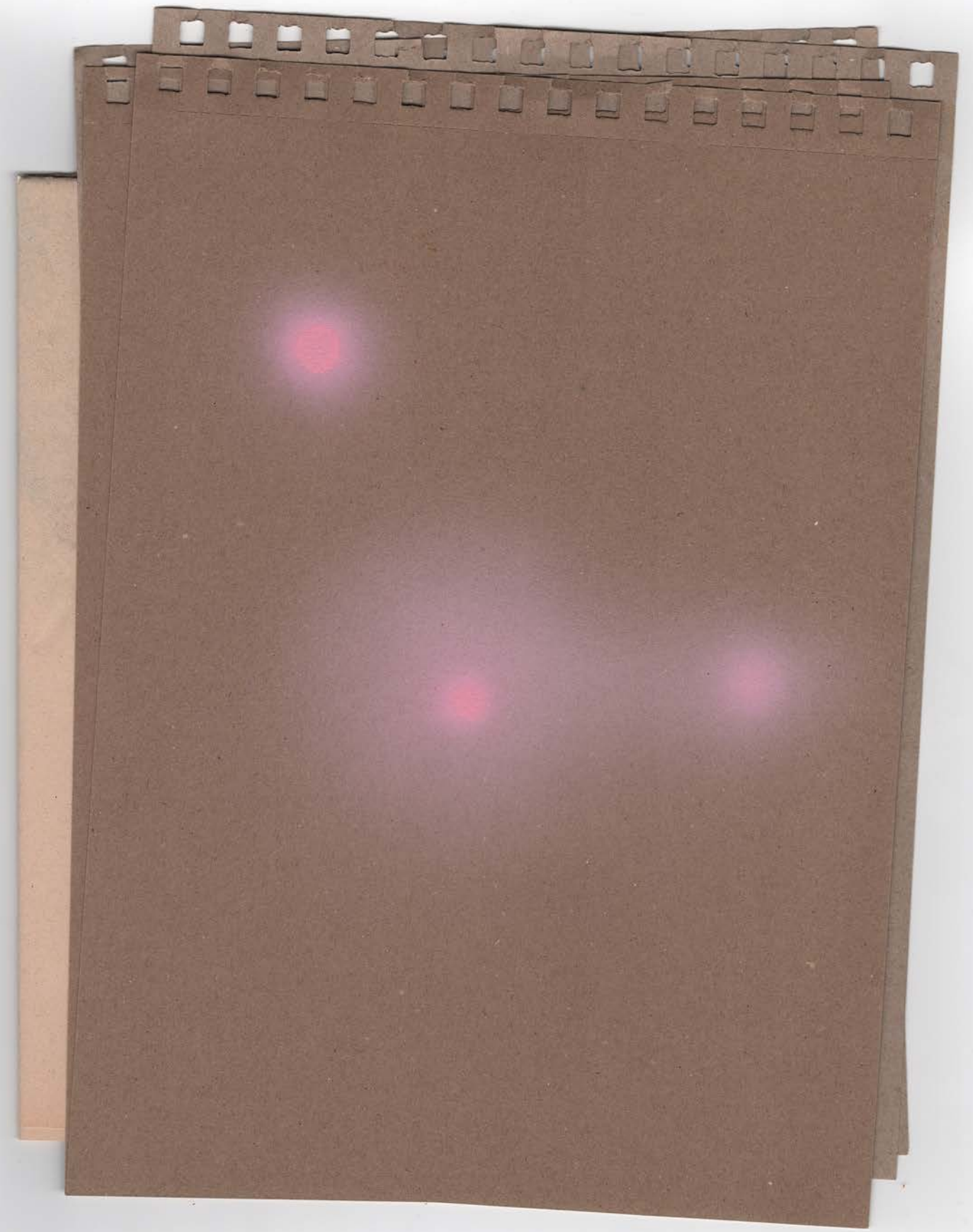

Untitled III (LOTTA LOVE INC.), 2023

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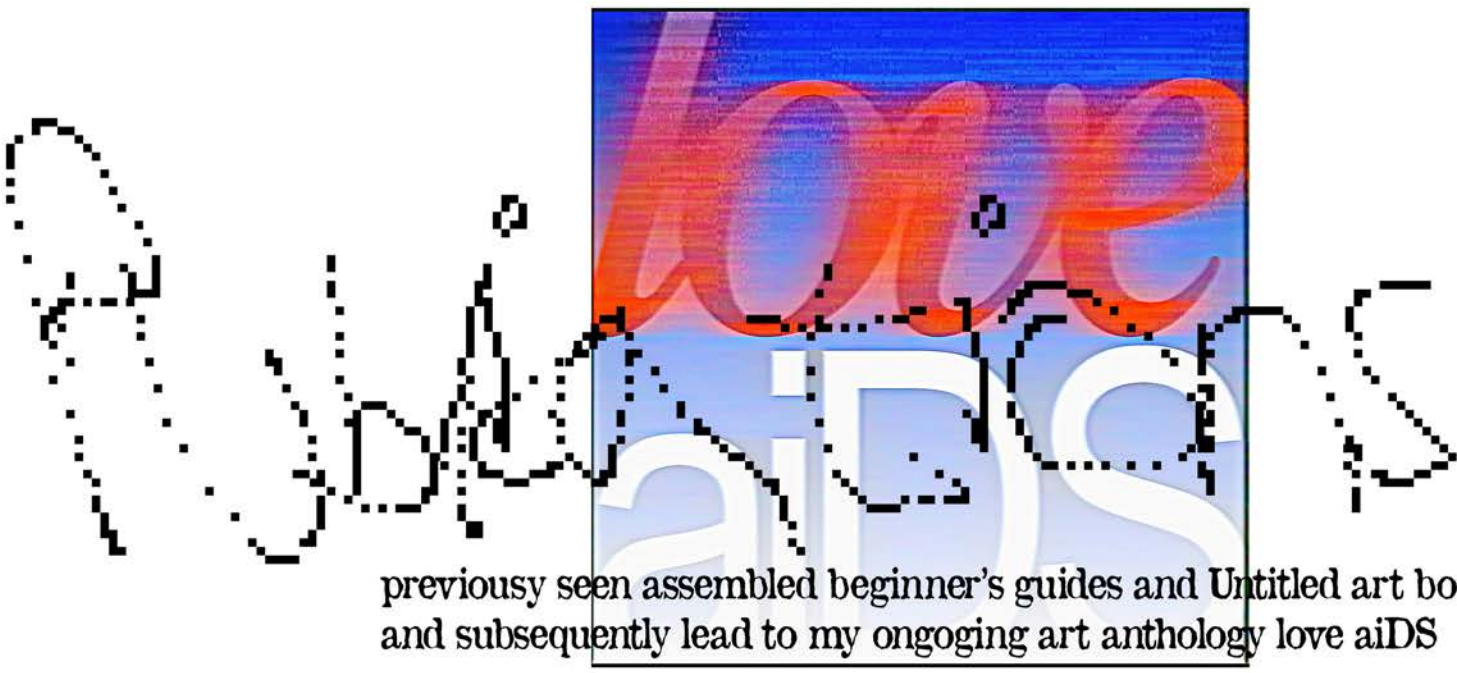
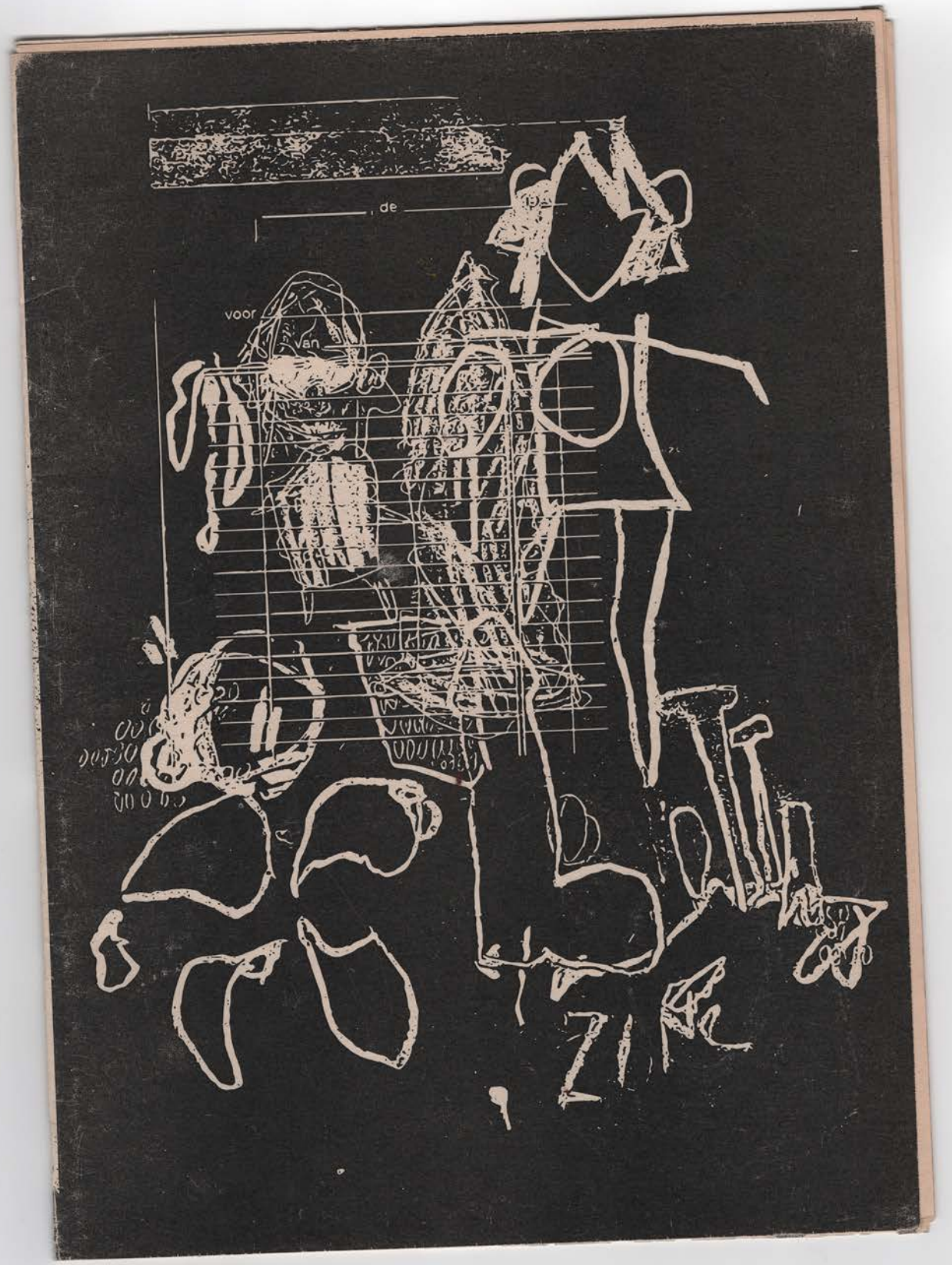
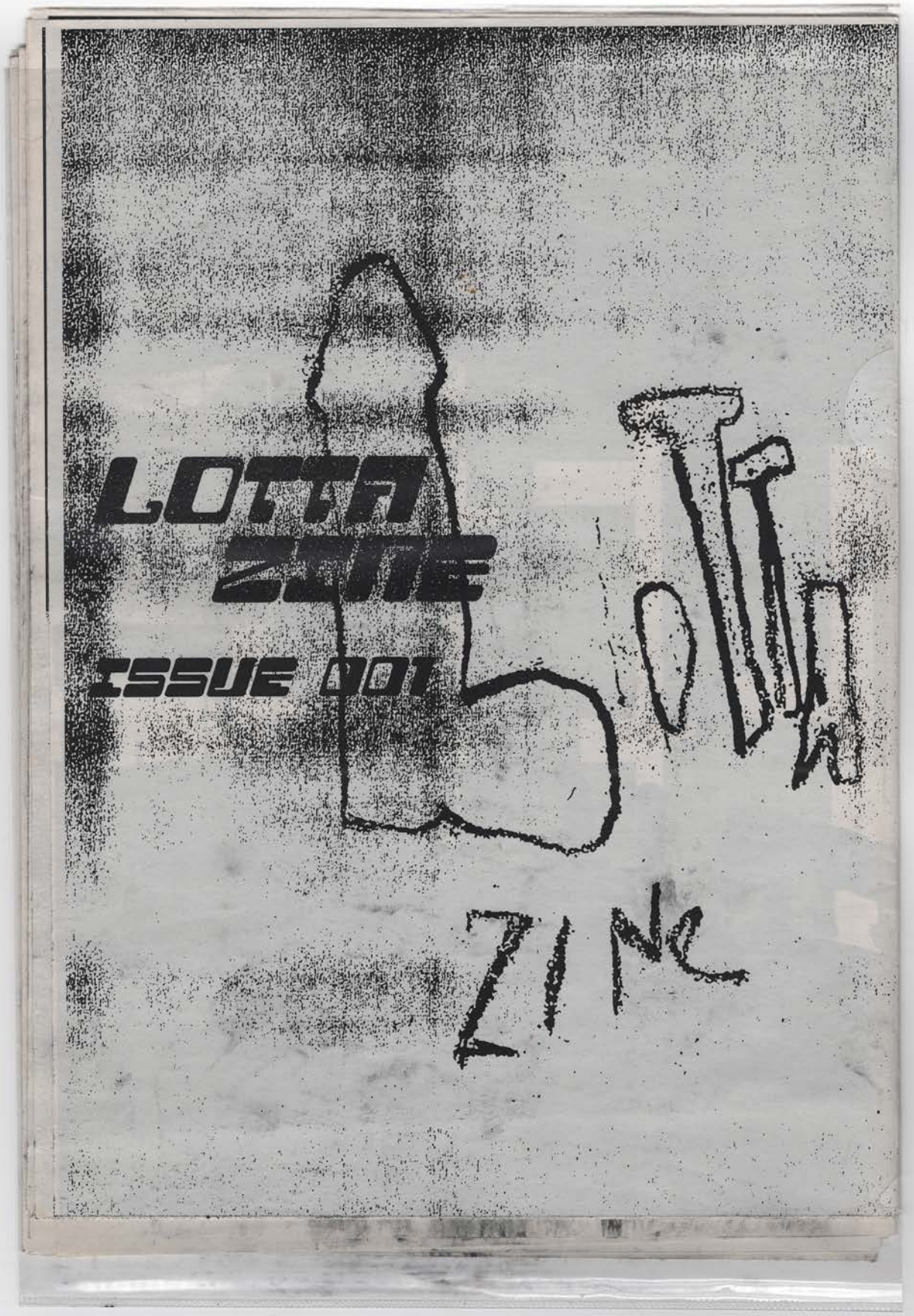
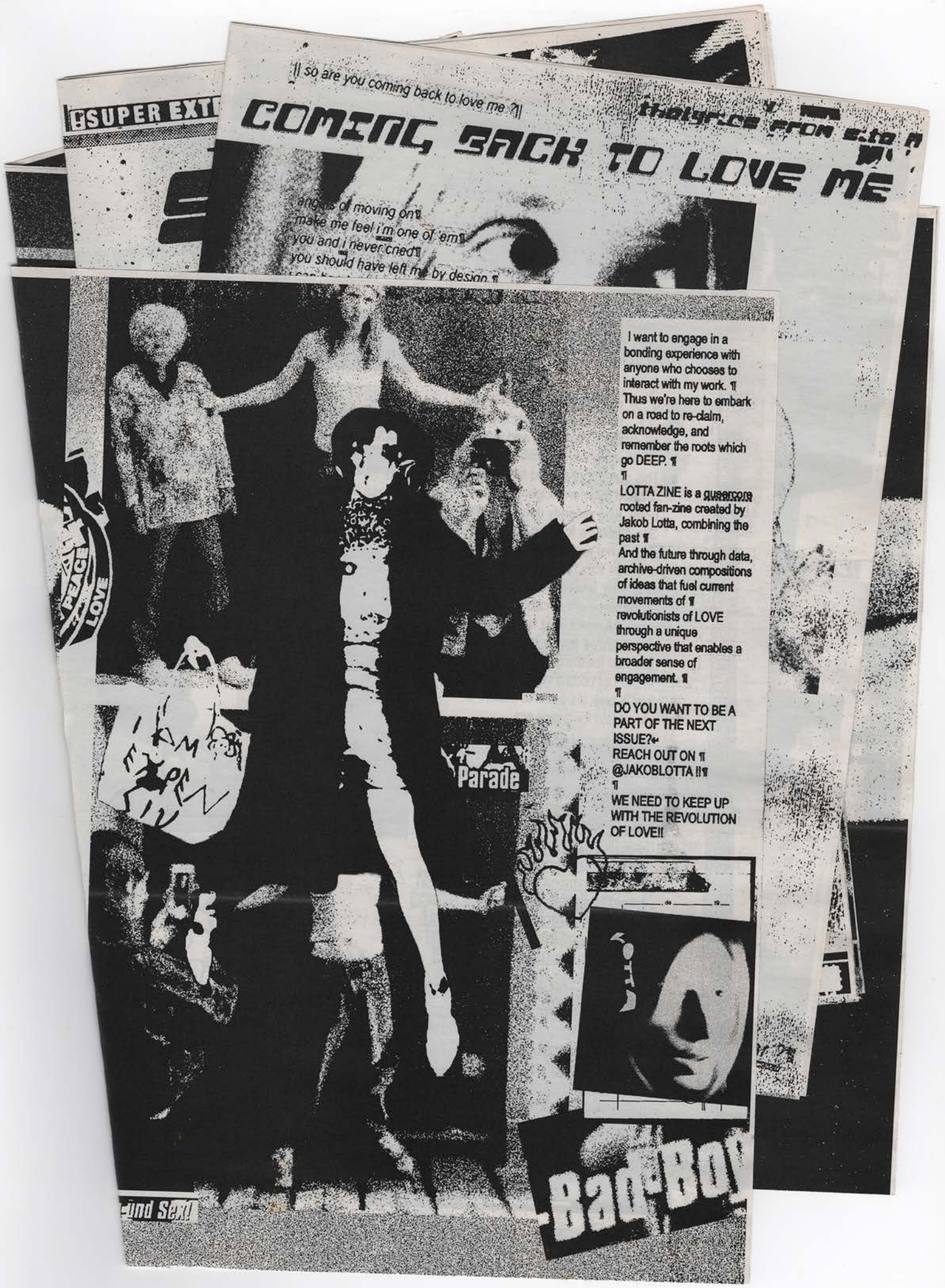


previousy seen assembled beginner's guides and Untitled art books turn to Zines
and subsequently lead to my ongoing art anthology love aiDS



LOTTA ZINE, POSTSCHEMATIXXX 2022


LOTTA
ZINE
ISSUE 001
ZINE


so are you coming back to love me ?
COMING BACK TO LOVE ME
I want to engage in a bonding experience with anyone who chooses to interact with my work. ¶ Thus we're here to embark on a road to re-claim, acknowledge, and remember the roots which go DEEP. ¶ ¶ LOTTA ZINE is a queercore rooted fan-zine created by Jakob Lotta, combining the past ¶ And the future through data, archive-driven compositions of ideas that fuel current movements of ¶ revolutionists of LOVE through a unique perspective that enables a broader sense of engagement. ¶ ¶ DO YOU WANT TO BE A PART OF THE NEXT ISSUE?↵ REACH OUT ON ¶ @JAKOBLOTTA !!¶ ¶ WE NEED TO KEEP UP WITH THE REVOLUTION OF LOVE!!
Parade
Bad-Boy

Lotta Zine 00, 2022

LOTTA LOVE
LOTTA LOVE 001 SPRING 2023
original
HOT STUFF
18

saving world is easy getting rid of ego's not

INNOCENT WORLD

HOMESTORY!

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Dolly was a 75-year-old lesbian widow who had lost her wife to a hate crime. Her heart was broken and she felt alone in the world. But she knew that she couldn't let her wife's death be in vain. She wanted to honor her memory by doing something meaningful and good in the world.

One day, while out for a walk, Dolly came across a group of blind 12-year-old pugs. They were adorable, but no one wanted to adopt them because of their disabilities. Dolly knew that she had to take them in, and she brought the three little pugs home with her.

At first, Dolly was worried about how she would take care of the pugs, but she soon found that they brought her more joy than she could have ever imagined. They were loving and loyal companions, and they helped her to heal her broken heart.

Dolly named the pugs after the three wise monkeys: Mizaru, Kikazaru, and Iwazaru. They each had their own unique personalities, and Dolly loved them all equally. Mizaru was the leader of the pack, always eager to explore and play. Kikazaru was the cuddler, always looking for a warm lap to rest on. And Iwazaru was the comedian, always making Dolly laugh with his silly antics.

Dolly had always loved dogs, but these three little pugs had changed her life in ways she never could have imagined. They taught her that love knows no bounds and that the greatest joys in life can come from the most unlikely places.

As Dolly grew older, she worried about what would happen to her beloved pugs when she was gone. So she decided to start a foundation to take care of blind pugs and other animals in need, ensuring that her beloved furry friends will be taken care of even after her passing. And through this foundation, Dolly's legacy of love, compassion and selflessness lived on.

Dolly knew that her wife would have been proud of her for the love and kindness she showed to the pugs and the foundation she created. She will forever be remembered for her beautiful spirit and the love she shared with others.

COOL

NASA

LUCKY !!

LUCKY !

YOU DON'T NEED GOVERMEM FUNNDING AND EXPENSIVE TELECOPES TO GET A PIC OF SUTTHOLE!!

Once upon a time, Cher, the iconic singer, was chosen by a group of advanced beings from the Andromeda galaxy to perform her hit song "Believe" on their planet. Excited for the opportunity, she boarded the spacecraft and began her journey through the stars.

As she approached the planet, she was greeted by a group of light beings who had a unique appearance, unlike anything she had ever seen before. They explained to her that they were able to harness the power of 5G energy and use it for intergalactic communication and travel.

Cher was amazed and couldn't wait to see what else the planet had to offer. As she began her performance, she felt an overwhelming energy surround her and soon realized that she was being pulled into an

intergalactic exchange of 5G energy.

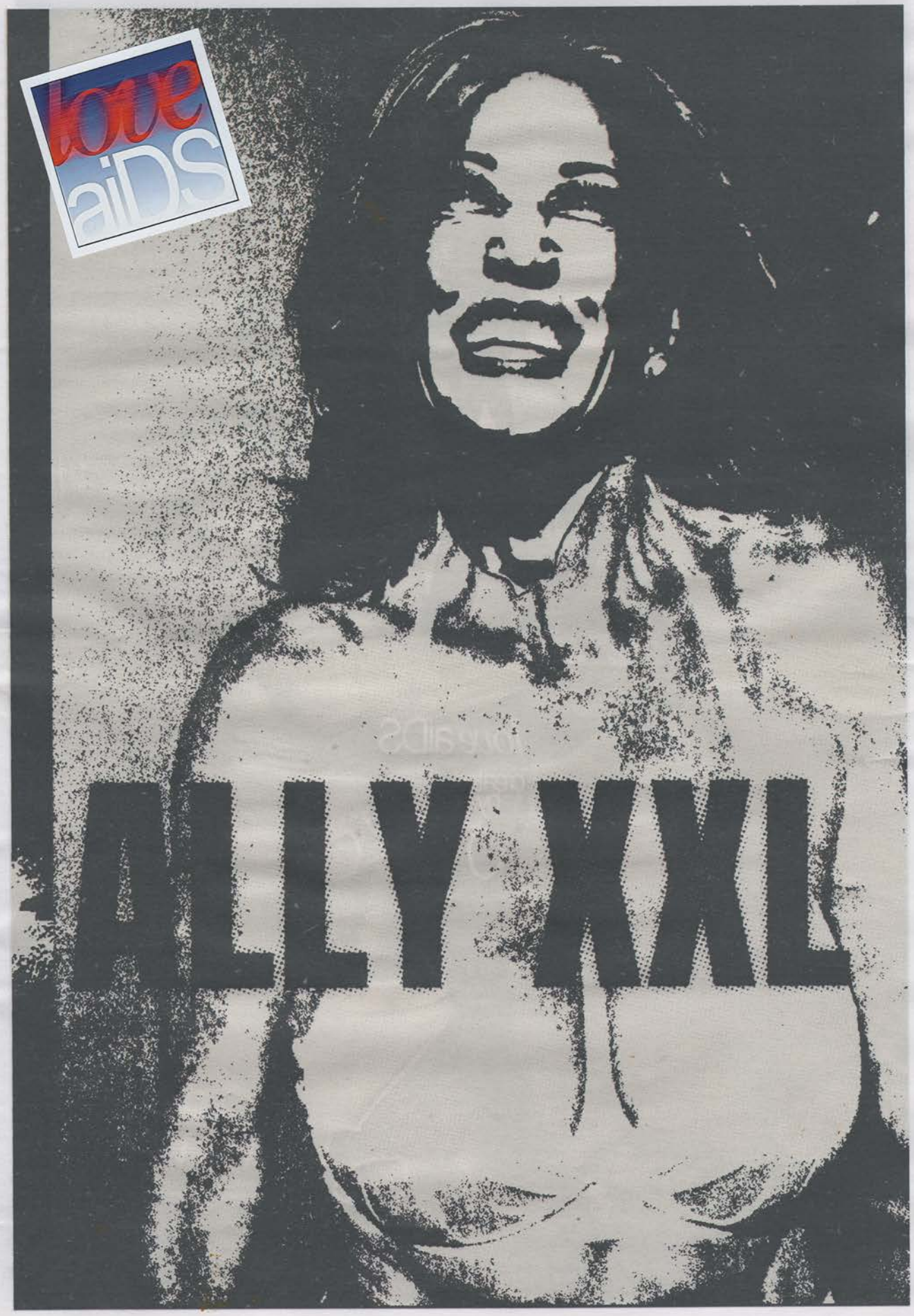
As the energy enveloped her, she felt her body and mind transform. She felt a new level of understanding and connection to the universe that she had never experienced before. The light beings explained that this energy exchange was a way for them to connect with and learn from other civilizations.

Cher was humbled and grateful for the experience, realizing that it was far more meaningful than just performing her song. She thanked the light beings for the opportunity and returned to Earth, changed forever by her journey to the Andromeda galaxy. From now on, she felt not just a singer but a messenger of the universe, spreading the message of love and unity through her music.4$$ $

WOW

Handy FIND

LOTTA LOVE,01 2023


love
aiDS
ALLY XXL

vol 01
issue 01
love aiDS
created
by
JAKOB
LOTH

ove aiDS: contemplates love, decline of democracy and old people.

WRITTEN BY
JAKOB LOTTA

My mother is an abstinent alcoholic and an actress. I don't necessarily recall her motherhood, not until I was old enough to remember my fear for her life—on the stage, The Snake from Saint-Exupéry's household-novella, portrayed by a melodramatic, schmaltzy small town diva—dressed in a black robe,

aiming a big sharp knife at my mama. I, on someone's knees above the luminaires—sounds are compressed in those cabins, no one can hear me crying in the hall.

In October of 2003, the cover of local newspapers of my little birth-town in central Slovakia, quoted my mother. "Grandma is a Queen, I'm a a Little Mermaid and Kubko is a Little Prince".

"Mommy, could you not get that small glass today?"—It felt sincerely dreadful—trying to act like you're in a vanilla oblivion. I knew she was drinking, and I knew it was called a shot of vodka, but I had to downplay my comprehension of reality, I was 8 years old, and were I to confront my mother directly, she'd realise too soon—i grew up far too early.

...

"I'm a bad mother," she says while I'm washing her hair in the bathtub. "They're saying that I'm not a good mother".

"No,you are a good mother". Here she is, a mermaid. I dry her hair—and despite this emotional outburst: "I'm gonna sleep at grandma's today...",—Queen's aware of the mermaid's struggle and she knows her little prince is struggling but her powers aren't feudalistic, they're in a prayer.

And here I am, after coming back to B-612.

...

We always stand on the cusp of change—as that is the Tao. Yet this time, the shattering of glass ceilings, like Kamala Harris's ascent, offers to transform our understanding of continuity. Governing frameworks are malleable, sustained by collective beliefs that can be reshaped. To enact change in the policies of great democracies, it is our responsibility to see the full picture and navigate what must be done to protect, preserve, and ensure the survival of our diverse culture—for which many have laid down their lives—while abstaining from wrongdoing. The AIDS crisis of the late 20th century illustrates this dynamic; despite societal stigma and institutional inertia, community activism catalyzed a paradigm shift in public perception, medical research, and policy formulation. By confronting adversity and embracing the dissonance between existing structures and emerging realities, societies transcend limitations and engender substantive progress, adopting a holistic and nuanced perspective. Recognizing that change is inevitable and often precipitated by forces misaligned with our convictions, we are called to engage actively with the challenges before us. In doing so, we honor the legacy of those who sacrificed for diversity and justice, contributing to the ongoing evolution of a world that reflects the plurality and dynamism of the human experience

...

SOMETHING WAS REMEMBERED

Born into a world shadowed by the storm's aftermath, I feel its weight lingering—buried beneath. Façades of progress, fundraisers, speeches, gestures of moving on. Yet in the cellars, preserves rot.

"It's all moldy, my queen," I whisper, pulling out apricot jars tangled in pale webs.

"Let me see—oh, how can this be?" she mutters unable to deny. As if decay could be hidden, dismissed, unseen?

I look at her, noting the furrow in her brow, the way she avoids meeting my eyes. The silence stretches through the heavy, damp air in the cellar. If we're not careful enough, this rot could seep into the spaces between us.

...

I'm 25 years old, often silent—listening, observing, chewing on disbelief at others' fetish for impulsive, self-congratulatory opinions. But back as a child, I had no filter, no walls. Anger was instinctual , a reflex. I'd explode, cry, then apologise to my grandmother.

"I'm sorry, I love you, but this is just my nature", I'd say.

She'd sigh in genuine disbelief. "Your nature? So what? You can't blame your nature. Control it. You say you love me—but what does that mean?"

Silence.

"Love is the will to sacrifice yourself for another. Not something you say. Something you bleed." her words hung my body in the wind—so uncompromising.

I listened and instantly knew she was right. Thousands of nights later, I bled for love and out of it—I made others do the same. Cyclically.

Love, is a longing for unity. Can one willingly diminish oneself through the strength of self-transcendence? Our being is reflected in others. Sustaining true love is a confrontation—for if thy loves truly, thy loves the other more than thyself. It's vulnerability and the choice to give oneself over despite inherent risks. Through this self-giving, we don't lose ourselves, we get born again in the other—and the more you love—the more youse come to be.

But part of this strife, is failure. Of me—of her—not you.

...

My reality as a child was directed by women. The queen, a judge, Little Mermaid, an actress. Teachers, social workers, vendors—women filled every corner. Even my father felt more like a woman. Through them I read the world.

I repeat, my reality was directed by women—from my mind to my body. But as you peek outside, the image warps.

Live out your femininity and get degraded.

"Do you want a surgery to turn into a woman?" Asked a sweaty 11 year old classmate of mine.

Say yes, benevolently, instictually, and get ridiculed for years to come.
Things shift—the coat, once warm, turns to steel. Cold. Heavy. And there is no longer solitude; others are here too. Forging ahead. It becomes a battle. Some transform into horses, some into pigeons. Some walk their dogs; for others, the dog walks them. Rain returns—harsh, soaking through, stinging skin. Mud swallows us inch by inch. The landscape shifts; armour crushes. We move forward, costing pieces of ourselves.

Horses drown, dogs howl, floodwaters rise. Some of us slip into shadows. The rest carry on, struggling under the weight.

...

What's normal now ?

Queerness reshaped everything; suddenly many of the omnipresent women showed true colors of normalcy. We've never truly been the minority—we were just made to feel abnormal—so they could ignore us, restrain us. You navigate spaces not designed for who you are, but who you should be. You find cracks, hidden corners to exist unapologetically—belonging isn't about fitting in but carving space where you were made to believe none existed. Boundaries are arbitrary; walls to be climbed, broken, rebuilt.

"What the fuck is going on?!" she appears in the dream—not suddenly, but as if always there. Older now, face lined—beautiful. Stands at the battlefield's edge, wrapped in my green wool coat—regal. Violet eyes survey the scene—calm, knowing. She has weathered many storms, you can tell.

Her eyes meet mine—piercing, laden with generations of unspoken truths. Should I look away? Is this my rotten apricot jar?

Like a labor, eventually, the tears get pushed out, until they run on their own. And they mingle with rain, turning mud softer, navigable. No flood, just a shift—enough. Earth loosens. Legs, so far stuck, begin to move. Others stir. We drift—not forced, but carried—away from the battlefield, away from the weight of now. She watches, eyes following. "Now face your own wars."

...

We're poking at democracy's beehive. I've never stood firmly left or right. Not a comrade. Not neutral, but refusing sides demanding surrender. Keep your labels, your fleeting tribal politics, I know where I come from: a child of queerness and femininity, growing during the early internet, the Schengen zone, under the influence of American, English, and Czechoslovak socialist "pop" culture.

Can you hear me, comrade?

Many disregard leaders, call them puppets, war managers. Protest matters—raising voices matters—but the storm isn't just outside. It's within. And once we lose patience; we lose leaders—those like us—then others step in—ones from life so different, so different.

Look around. Absorb the local reality. Consider resistance in the form of choosing to listen, to learn, rejecting easy answers, forging a path forward; it's all about survival. A truly underrated concept.

Those who oppress want us to believe power is to be gained, when the real power lies in the collective refusal to break the constant search in memory.

...

I return to the cellar.
The preserves.
The rot.

The residue remains.
But indeed, we can salvage what's left, harvest new fruits, preserve by old recipes, take care of our cellars—the plain existence of it is a gift.

I won't pretend the world belongs to some powerful entity. Damned be this hegemony.

Fascists, bigots cling to mythical golden ages, making us believe that there was even a grain of goodness in that which the powerful imposed on the marginalised. Histories of America and Europe are tied, intertwined, and overfilled with dark hours. But the truth of the moment?

We're not going back.

Women will save the world.

Black Women, will save the world.

They always have.

The future is ours—a future where forgotten stories revive, where history reinvents.

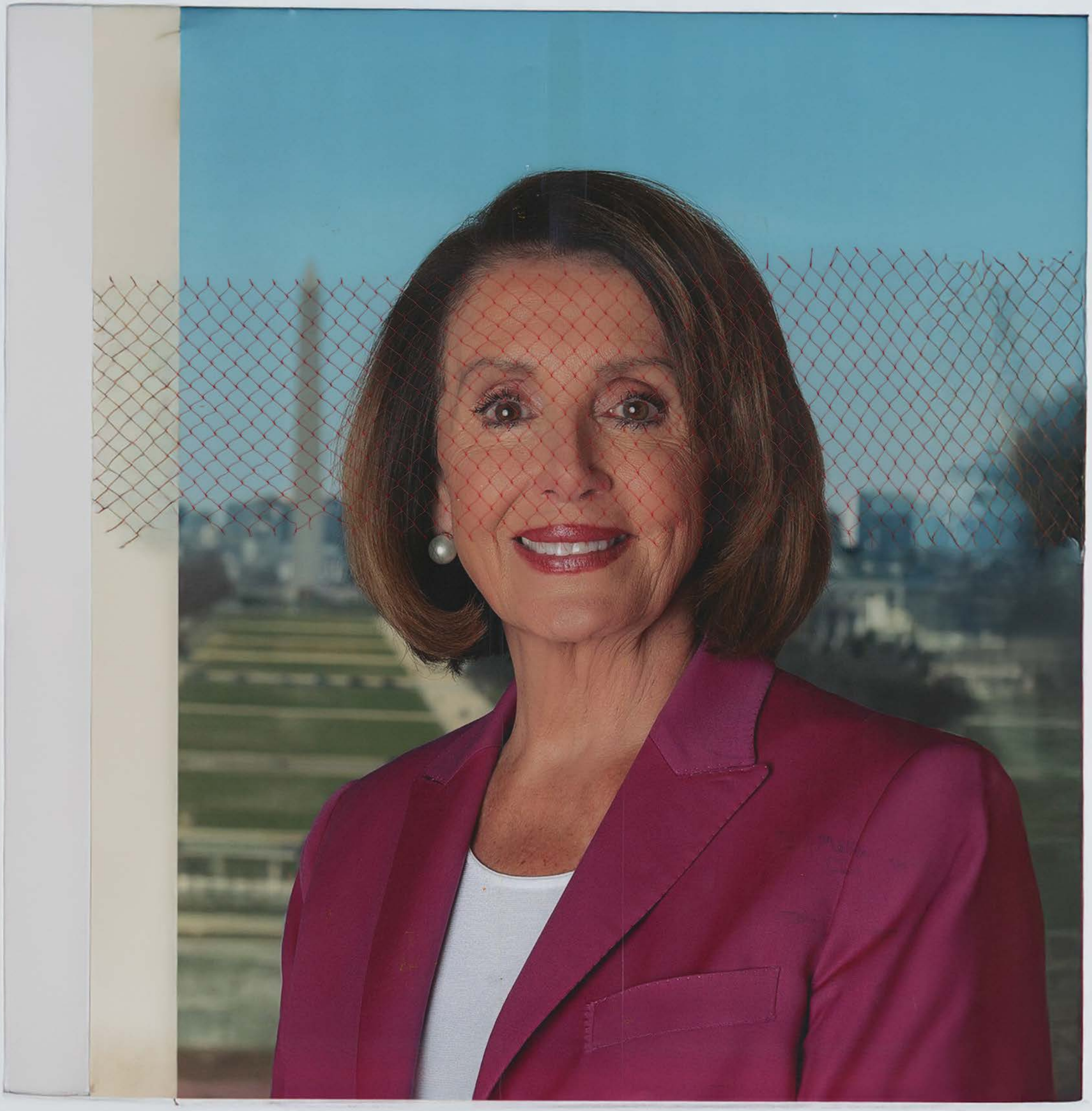
WE'RE NOT GOING BACK

written by jakob LOTTA

love aiDS, 02 01 2025

love aiDS, 2025, outtakes

love aiDS, 2025, outtakes



love aiDS, 2025, outtakes

LISTEN HERE

records

Written and produced by Jakob Lotta.
Lotta's records tell nonlinear stories of twisted roads— through musical composition and lyricism that is fragmented, obscured, self-referential, and looping.

Much like the rest of his work, his music shuffles innovation with tradition, the modern with the amateur, creating impressions that avoid classification.

SITE A (2022)

BACKROOM A (2022)

ETHICAL STANDARD (2023)

L'NORME ETHIQUE (2023)

SILLY LIGHT (2024)

SILLY SILLY LIGHT LIGHT
(OUT MARCH 2025)

CRUISE AT SITE A

Experimental slow burning film for debut record "site A", 2022

"Teach Me", Visualiser, 2022